



Department of Music  
University of Alberta

# Concert Choir



**Evelyn Pfeifer, Conductor**  
**Philip Chow, Assistant Conductor**  
**Brady Sherard, Accompanist**

**Friday, November 30, 2007 at 8:00 pm**



**Arts Building**  
**University of Alberta**





## Program

grandmother moon (2006)

Eleanor Daley  
(b. 1955)

Nocturnes (1946)

Flowering Almond Tree

Quiet Rain

Early Spring

Hildor Lundvik  
(1885-1951)

Soloist

**Elissa Dick, soprano**

From *Six Chansons* (1939)

La Biche

Un Cygne

En Hiver

Paul Hindemith  
(1895-1963)  
text: Ranier Maria Rilke  
1875-1926)

Lovesight

Robert H Young  
(b. 1923)  
text: Dante Gabriel Rossetti  
(1828-1882)

To Musique

David Dickau  
(b. 1953)  
text: Robert Herrick  
(1591-1674)

Weltliche Gesänge, Opus 42 (1859-1860)

No. 1 Abendständchen

No. 2 Vineta

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

**Intermission**

A Ceremony of Carols, Opus 28 (1942) (SATB, 1955) Benjamin Britten

1. Procession (1913-1976)

2. Wolcum Yole! arr. for SATB by Julius Harrison

3. There is no Rose (1885-1963)

4a. That Yongë Child

4b. Balulalow

5. As Dew in Aprille

6. This Little Babe

7. Interlude

8. In Freezing Winter Night

9. Spring Carol

10. Deo Gracias

11. Recession

**Soloists**

**Laura Buckwold, Michelle Stannard,  
and Jessica Wagner, soprano**

**Small Group**

**Bracken Burns, Nevada Collins-Lee, Sarah Howe,  
and Yan Bonnema, mezzo-soprano**

**Sherelle Carey, harp**

Waye Not His Cribb (2001)

Mark G. Sirett

text: Robert Southwell

(1561-95)

**Soloist**

**Tristan Cleveland-Thompson, tenor**

Betelehemu (1994)

Nigerian Carol

Via Olatunji and Wendell Whalum

arr. Barrington Brooks

## Texts and Translations

### grandmother moon

Text by Mary Louise Martin

she looks into and beyond my soul                      we'lalin means welcome in Mi'Kmaq  
the lacy cedar boughs creating her shadows  
cedar ones weave design of midnight canvas  
she looks into and beyond my soul  
she a powerful sacred hoop of full light  
simplicity against the ebony blues and blacks  
of night sky land and crystal star people  
she looks into and beyond my soul  
her round face of translucent beauty and light  
quiet powers speak out in her name  
we'lalin

### Nocturnes

#### 1. Flowering Almond Tree

Original text by P Lagerkvist

English text by Gunilla Marcus

Like a flowering almond, my love so fair

Sing, oh wind, sing softly for me.

Tell her how much I care.

Like a flowering almond, my love so fair

Only you, tend'rest of morning winds,

have our secret to bear,

'Neath the flowering almond tree;

Here I wait in the twilight

'neath the flow'ring almond tree.

Now that daylight has faded and gone,

now will she come to me?

#### 2. Quiet Rain

Original text by Vilh, Ekelund

English text by Gunilla Marcus

A quiet rain is falling on silent city streets.

The skies are veiled and hazy

while through the twilight is pouring

a mild and muted light.

Oh, tender night, oh quiet melancholy of Spring.

The murm'ring of the soft, slow rain;

So softly cries my heart.

#### 3. Early Spring

Original text by Vilh, Ekelund

English text by Gunilla Marcus

Silhouettes of shining branches hang like glist'ning cobwebs.

Sounding in the silent valley there's a gentle murmur.

Clear as the gentle murmur of a frozen well in February

quiet as a well in winter.

Softly in the February twilight cry softly on the heavens.



**From *Six Chansons on Original*  
French Poems by Rainer Maria  
Rilke**

English translation by  
Elaine de Sinçay

**1. La Biche**

O la biche; quel bel intérieur  
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux  
abonde; combien de confiance ronde  
mêlée à combien, combien de peur.  
Tout cela, porté parla vive gracilité de  
tes bonds,  
Mais jamais rien n'arrive, rien n'arrive  
à cette impossessive ignorance de ton  
front.

**2. Un Cygne**

Un cygne avance sur l'eau entouré de  
lui-même comme un glissant tableau;  
ainsi à certains instants un être que  
l'on aime est tout un espace mouvant.  
Il se rapproche doublé comme ce  
cygne qui nage sur notre âme  
troublée...  
qui à cet être ajoute la tremblante  
image de bonheur et de doute.

**3. En Hiver**

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre  
dans les maisons;  
elle cherche la soeur, le père, et leur  
joue du violon.  
Mais quand la terre remue, sous la  
bêche du printemps,  
la mort court dans les rues et salue  
les passants.

**The Doe**

O thou doe, what vistas of secular  
forests appear in thine eyes reflected!  
What confidence serene affected by  
transient shades, by shades of fear.  
And it all is borne on thy bounding  
course, for so gracile art thou!  
Nor comes aught to astound the  
impassive profound unawareness of  
thy brow.

**A Swan**

A swan is breasting the flow all in  
himself enfolded like a slow-moving  
tableau.  
And so, at some time or place, a loved  
one will be molded to seem like a  
migrating space;  
Will near us, floating redoubled as a  
swan on the river upon our soul so  
troubled. Which swells it by the  
addition of a wraith aquiver with  
delight and suspicion.

**In Winter**

With the winter, Death, grisly guest  
Through the doorway steals in  
Both the young and the old to quest,  
And he plays them his violin.  
But when the Spring's spades are  
beating Frozen earth beneath blue  
sky,  
Then Death his way goes fleeting,  
Lightly greeting passersby.

## Lovesight

Text by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

When do I see thee most, beloved one?

When in the light the spirits of mine eyes before thy face,  
their altar, solemnize the worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours we two alone  
close kissed and eloquent of still replies,  
thy twilight hidden glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see thyself,  
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
nor image of thine eyes in any spring,  
How then should sound upon life's darkening slope  
the ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,  
the wind of Death's imperishable wing?

## To Musique

Text by Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

Charm me asleep, and melt me so

With thy Delicious Numbers;

That being ravisht, hence I goe

Away in easie slumbers.

Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,

Thou Power that canst sever

From me this ill:

And quickly still:

Though thou not kill

My Fever.

Though sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire,  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My paines asleep;  
And give me such repose,  
That I, poor I,  
May think, thereby,  
I live and die 'Mongst Roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those Maiden show'rs,  
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew  
A Baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my paines,  
With thy soft straines;  
That having ease me given,  
With full delight,  
I leave this light;  
And take my flight  
For Heaven.



**Weltliche Gesänge, Opus 42**

**Abendstücken**

Text: Franz C. H. H. Brentano  
(1838-1917)

Hör, es klagt die Flöte wieder,  
und die kühlen Brunnen rauschen,  
golden wehn die Töne nieder,  
stille, stille, laß uns lauschen!

Holdes Bitten, mild Verlangen,  
wie es süß zum Herzen spricht!  
durch die Nacht, die mich umfängen,  
blickt zu mir der Töne Licht.

**Vineta**

Text: Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Aus des Meeres tiefem, tiefem  
Grunde klingen Abendglocken dumpf  
und matt, uns zu geben wunderbare  
Kunde von der schönen, alten  
Wunderstadt.

In der Fluten Schoß hinabgesunken,  
blieben unten ihre Trümmer stehn.  
ihre Zinnen lassen golden Funken  
widerscheinend auf dem Spiegel  
sehn.

Und der Schiffer, der den  
Zauberschimmer  
einmal sah im hellen Abendrot,  
nach der selben Stelle schiffte er  
immer, ob auch rings umher die Klippe  
droht.

Aus des Herzens tiefem, tiefem  
Grunde  
klingt es mir wie Glocken, dumpf und  
matt. Ach, sie geben wunderbare  
Kunde von der Liebe, die geliebt es  
hat.

Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,  
ihre Trümmer blieben unten stehn;  
lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken  
oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn.

Und dann möchte ich tauchen in die  
Tiefen, mich versenken in den  
Wunderschein, und mir ist, als ob  
mich Engel riefen  
in die alte Wunderstadt herein.

**Evening Song**

Listen! The flute laments again,  
and the cool springs murmur.  
The golden tones waft down;  
Be still, hush, let us listen!

Gracious imploring, gentle longing,  
how sweetly they speak to the heart!  
Through the night, which has embraced  
me, the light of the music shines.

**Vineta**

From the ocean's deepest depths,  
evening bells ring, muffled and faint.  
They bring us wondrous tidings  
of the beautiful, old, miraculous city.

Sunken into the flood-womb,  
its ruins remained standing below.  
Its battlements cause golden sparks  
to be seen reflecting on the surface.

And the boatman, who the magical  
shimmer  
once saw in the bright sunset,  
always sails back to the same place,  
even though the cliffs threaten all  
around.

From the heart's deepest depths  
it sounds to me like bells, muffled and  
faint.  
Ah, they bring wondrous tidings  
of the love that it has felt.

A beautiful world has sunk there;  
its ruins remained standing below,  
often causing golden, heavenly sparks  
to be seen in the mirror of my dreams.

And then I would like to dive into the  
depths, to immerse myself in the  
wonderful shimmer;  
and it feels to me as if angels called  
me into the old, miraculous city.



## A Ceremony of Carols

### 1. Procession

Hodie Christus natus est;  
hodie Salvator apparuit;  
hodie in terra canunt angeli;  
lætantur archangeli,  
hodie exsultant iusti dicentes:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

Today Christ is born;  
today the Saviour has appeared;  
today the Angels sing,  
the Archangels rejoice;  
today the righteous rejoice, saying:  
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!

### 2. Wolcum yole!

Text: Anonymous

Wolcum be thou hevené king,  
Wolcum Yole!  
Wolcum, born in one morning,  
Wolcum for whom we sall\* sing!

\*heavenly

\*shall

Wolcum be ye, Stevene and Jon,  
Wolcum, innocentes every one,  
Wolcum, Thomas marter one,

Wolcum be ye good Newe Yere,  
Wolcum, Twelfth Day both in fere,\*  
Wolcum, seintes\* lefe and dere,  
Wolcum Yole. Wolcum!

\*fear

\*saints left and dear

Candelmesse,\* Quene of bliss,  
Wolcum bothe to more and lesse.  
Wolcum be ye that are here,  
Wolcum Yole,  
Wolcum, make good cheer,  
Wolcum alle another yere,  
Wolcum Yole! Wolcum!

\*Candle Mass

### 3. There is no Rose

Text: Anonymous

There is no rose of such vertu\*  
As is the rose that bare Jesu.  
Alleluia, alleluia.

\*virtue

For in this rose containèd was  
Heaven and earth in litel space,  
Res miranda, res miranda.\*

\*marvelous thing

By that rose we may well see  
There be one God in persons three,  
Pares forma, pares forma.\*

\*equal in nature

The angels sungen the shepherds to:  
Gloria in excelsis,\*  
Gloria in excelsis Deo.  
Gaudeamus, gaudeamus.

\*Glory in the highest!  
Glory to God in the highest.  
Let us rejoice.

### 3. There is no Rose (cont'd)

Leave we all this worldly mirth,  
And follow we this joyful birth.

Transeamus, transeamus, transeamus.\*

\*Let us pass over.

Alleluia, res miranda, pares forma,  
gaudeamus, transeamus.

### 4a. That Yong Child

Text: Anonymous

That yongë child when it gan\* weep  
With song she lulled him asleep:  
That was so sweet a melody  
It passèd alle minstrelsy.\*

\*young

\*began

\*making music

The nightingalë sang also:  
Her song is hoarse and nought thereto:  
Whoso attendeth to her song  
And leaveth the first then doth he wrong.

### 4b. Balulalow

Text: James, John and Robert Wedderburn

O my deare hert,\* young Jesu sweit,\*  
Prepare thy creddil\* in my spreit,\*  
And I sall\* rock thee to my hert,  
And never mair\* from thee depart.

\*heart, sweet

\*cradle, spirit

\*shall

\*more

But I sall praise thee evermoir\*  
With sanges sweit\* unto thy gloir;\*,  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt\* Balulalow.

\*ever-more

\*sweet songs, glory

\*right

### 5. As dew in Aprille

Text: Anonymous

I sing of a maiden That is makèles :\*  
King of all kings To her son she ches.\*

\*matchless

\*chose

He came also stille\* There his moder\* was,  
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the grass.

\*still, mother

He came also stille To his moder's bour,\*  
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the flour.\*

\*bower

\*flower



### 5. As dew in Aprille (cont'd)

He came also stille There his moder lay,  
As dew in Aprille That falleth on the spray.

Moder and mayden\* was Never none but she:      \*maiden  
Well may such a lady Goddes\* moder be.      \*God

### 6. This little Babe

Text: Robert Southwell

This little Babe so few days old,  
Is come to rifle Satan's fold;  
All hell doth at his presence quake,  
Though he himself for cold do shake;  
For in this weak unarmed wise  
the gates of hell he will surprise.

With tears he fights and wins the field,  
His naked breast stands for a shield;  
His battering shot are babish cries,  
His arrows looks of weeping eyes,  
His martial ensigns Cold and Need,  
And feeble Flesh his warrior's steed.

His camp is pitched in a stall,  
His bulwark but a broken wall;  
The crib his trench, haystalks his stakes;  
Of shepherds he his muster makes;  
And thus, as sure his foe to wound,  
The angels' trumps alarum sound.

My soul, with Christ join thou in fight;  
Stick to the tents that he hath pight.\*      \*pitched  
Within his crib is surest ward;  
This little Babe will be thy guard.  
If thou wilt foil thy foes with joy,  
Then flit not from this heavenly Boy.

### 7. Interlude (Harp)

## 8. In freezing winter night

Text: Robert Southwell

Behold, a silly\* tender babe,  
In freezing winter night,  
In homely manger trembling lies.  
Alas, a piteous sight!

\*simple, helpless

The inns are full; no man will yield  
This little pilgrim bed.  
But forced he is with silly beasts  
In crib to shroud his head.

This stable is a Prince's court,  
This crib his chair of State;  
The beasts are parcel of his pomp,  
the wooden dish his plate.

The persons in that poor attire  
His royal liveries wear;  
The Prince himself is come from  
heaven;  
This pomp is prized there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight,\*  
Do homage to thy King,  
And highly praise his humble pomp,  
Which he from Heaven doth bring.

\*being

## 9. Spring Carol

Text: William Cornish

Pleasure it is To hear iwis,\*  
The Birdés sing, The deer in the dale,  
The sheep in the vale, the corn  
springing.

\*certainly

God's purveyance For sustenance,  
It is for man, It is for man.  
Then we always To give him praise,  
And thank him than\*, and thank him  
than.

\*then



## 10. Deo Gracias

Text: Anonymous

Deo gracias!

Adam lay ibounden,\*  
Bounden in a bond;  
Four thousand winter  
Thought he not to long.

Deo gracias!

And all was for an appil,\*  
An appil that he tok,\*  
As clerkes finden\*  
Written in their book.

Deo gracias!

Ne\* had the appil take ben,\*  
The appil take ben,  
Ne hadde\* never our lady  
A ben hevene queene.\*

Blessed be the time  
That appil take was.  
Therefore we moun\* singen:

Deo gracias!

## 11. Recession

Hodie Christus natus est;  
hodie Salvator apparuit;  
hodie in terra canunt angeli;  
lætantur archangeli,  
hodie exsultant justī dicentes:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo. Alleluia!

## 10. Thanks be to God

Thanks be to God!

\*bound

\*apple

\*took

\*scholars found

\*never, been

\*had

\*heaven Queen

\*must

Thanks be to God!

## 11. Procession

Today Christ is born;  
today the Saviour has appeared;  
today the Angels sing,  
the Archangels rejoice;  
today the righteous rejoice, saying:  
Glory to God in the highest. Alleluia!

## **Waye Not His Cribb**

Text: Robert Southwell

The inns are full,  
No one will yield this little Pilgrim bed,  
But forced he is with silly beasts,  
In cribb to shroud his head.  
Waye not his cribb, his wooden dish  
Nor beastes that by him feede;  
Waye not his mother poor attire,  
Nor Joseph simple weede.  
Waye not his cribb.

The stable is a Princely courte,  
The cribb his choice of State;  
The beastes are parcel of his pompe,  
The wooden dish his plate.  
Waye not his cribb.  
The persons in that poor attire,  
His royal livries wear;  
The Prince himself is come from  
heaven,  
This pomp is prized there.  
Waye not his cribb.

## **Betelehemu**

Nigerian Carol

Via Olatunji / Wendell Whalum

Bethlehemu

Awa yio ri Baba gbojule,  
Awa yio ri Baba fehenti,  
Nibo labi Jesu,  
Nibo labe bii  
Betelehemu ilu ara  
Nibe labi Baba o daju  
Iyin, Iyin, Iyin nifuno  
Adupe fun o  
Adupe fun o  
Adupe fun o jo-oni Baba oloreo  
Iyin fun o Baba  
Iyin fun o Baba anu  
Baba toda wasi  
Betelehemu ilu ara  
Nibe labi Baba o daju

Bethlehem

We are glad that we have a Father to  
trust  
We are glad that we have a Father to  
rely upon  
Where was Jesus born?  
Where was He born?  
Bethlehem, city of wonder,  
That is where He was born for sure.  
Praise, praise, praise be to Him  
We thank Thee  
We thank Thee  
We thank Thee for this day, Gracious  
Father.  
Praise to Thee Father  
Praise be to Thee, o Father  
Merciful Father.  
Bethlehem, city of wonder,  
That is where He was born for sure.



**UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA CONCERT CHOIR, 2007-2008**

Evelyn Pfeifer, Conductor

Philip Chow, Assistant Conductor

Brady Sherard, Accompanist

**Soprano I**

Buckwold, Laura  
Collins-Lee,  
Nevada  
Dick, Elissa  
Ritacco, Kayla  
Sarwas, Cornelia  
Stannard, Michelle  
Vranas, Nicky  
Wagner, Jessica

**Soprano II**

Bonnema, Yan  
Chau, Maria  
Cuthbertson, Lana  
Germain, Danielle  
Howe, Sarah\*\*  
Jackson, Katie  
Morrow, Elise  
Nasedkin, Nadia  
Semenjuk, Tania  
Voon, Pauline

**Alto I**

Barry, Sophia\*\*  
Burns, Bracken\*\*  
Deacon, Karlynnne  
Fok, Sabrina  
Ho, Rebecca  
Konojacki, Shalee  
Krejcur, Elizabeth  
Martel, Tamara  
O'Brien-Lepp, Shannon  
Richard, Janique  
Sackey, Julie\*\*  
Sorensen, Erica\*\*  
Taron, Nicole  
Yip, Candice\*\*

**Alto II**

Chan, Michelle  
Lessard, Krista-Marie  
Muller, Crystal  
Savage, Stephanie  
Stone, Allison  
Wermann, Jessica

**Tenor I**

Cheng, Christeve  
Cleveland-Thompson, Tristan

**Tenor II**

Hui, Isaiah  
Munroe, James

**Baritone**

Arseneau, Denis  
Doody, Jeremy  
Hodgkinson, Taylor  
Johnson, Andrew\*\*  
Krynski, Anthony  
Maklowich, Ben  
Pansheshen, Brent  
Powell, Cameron\*\*  
Willetts, Cody\*\*  
Zuo, Wayne

**Bass**

Chow, Philip  
Chung, Christopher  
Illerbrun, Kurt  
Oatway, Tyson  
Schubert, Eric  
Sherard, Brady  
Urquhart, Ross

\*\* indicates Concert Choir Executive

## Upcoming Events

### December

#### 2 Sunday, 3:00 pm

University of Alberta Concert Band  
Wendy Grasdahl, Conductor  
F von Suppe *Light Cavalry Overture*  
H Hanson *Chorale & Alleluia*  
J S Bach *Come Sweet Death*  
P I Tchaikovsky *Dance of the Jesters*  
R R Bennett *Symphonic Songs*  
E Grieg *The Last Spring*  
J Williams *Midway March*  
Admission: \$15/adult, \$10/stud/sen  
Advance tickets are available at TIX on  
the Square, 420-1757

#### 2 Sunday, 8:00 pm

*Happnin'* University of Alberta Jazz Choir  
John McMillan, Conductor  
Music by the New York Voices, Gavin  
DeGraw, Beady Belle, Paul Simon,  
and more!  
Admission: \$15/adult, \$10/stud/sen  
Advance tickets are available at TIX on  
the Square, 420-1757

#### 5 Monday, 12:00 pm

*Music at Noon*, Convocation Hall  
Student Recital Series  
Featuring students from the  
Department of Music  
Free admission

#### 3 Monday, 7:30 pm

Grant MacEwan College and  
University of Alberta Jazz Bands  
Raymond Baril and Tom Dust,  
Directors  
*An evening of big band music*  
For ticket information, contact Grant  
MacEwan College, 497-4436

#### 7 & 8, Fri. & Sat., 8:00 pm

Edmonton Symphony Orchestra  
and the University of Alberta  
Madrigal Singers  
Jean-Marie Zeitouni, Conductor  
*Handel Messiah*  
Soloists: Shannon Mercer, soprano  
Mireille Lebel, mezzo-soprano  
John Tessier, tenor  
Russell Braun, bass  
Francis Winspear Centre for Music  
Tickets are available at Winspear  
Box Office, 428-1414



**Please donate to Campus Food Bank**

#### Unless otherwise indicated

Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta  
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice.  
Please visit our Website: [www.ualberta.ca/music](http://www.ualberta.ca/music) or  
call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message  
will inform you of any changes to our schedule).